

A
DRAMATICK SKETCH,
CALLED
THE LOVE OF FAME.

WRITTEN BY
Mr. ELLISTON.

Price 6d.

31

Page 13, after line 2, insert

To raife th' avenging arm for the oppress'd,
Then with what praise must be the warrior blest !

1
A
DRAMATICK SKETCH,

CALLED

THE LOVE OF FAME.

WRITTEN BY

Mr. ELLISTON,

AND

SPOKEN BY HIM AT HIS BENEFIT,

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, BATH,

MARCH 6th, 1794.

Bath

PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. CRUTTWELL:

SOLD ALSO BY

ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF BATH AND BRISTOL.

M DCC XCIV.

174.76.53.75

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

FROM

THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

DRAMATIC SKETCH

ACTED

THE LOVE OF FAME

WRITTEN BY

MR. ELLISTON

AND

PRODUCED BY MR. J. W. WENDELL

AT THE

THEATRE OF THE CITY

MARCH 21, 1891

Copyright

PRINTED AND SOLD BY E. C. CHURCH

NEW YORK

ALL THE BOOKS OF THE AUTHOR AND EDITOR

NEW YORK

ADVERTISEMENT.

WERE any person to enquire my reason for publishing this bagatelle, my answer would be——

THE LOVE OF FAME.

How far my wishes will be gratified, is yet to be determined. I am only fearful, that it will not afford the same amusement in the closet, which (I flatter myself) it did on the stage. It had then every advantage, which theatrical effect, and a liberal and indulgent audience, could give it;—it is
now

now to encounter the scrutinizing eye of criticism. Let it but experience as much generosity in the reading, as it received in the recital, and I shall sit down contented, with the most heartfelt gratitude for all favours conferred on me by my good friends at Bath.

R. W. E.

*No. 22,
St. James's-Street.*





THE
LOVE OF FAME.

I'VE often heard, but be't with reverence said,
That human kind are by chimeras led;
How good soe'er the heart, the head how wise,
Yet follies still on worn-out follies rise:
One truth has oft been told, still undeny'd,
That all are pleas'd a hobby-horse to ride;
Our nags with ceaseless ardour on we goad,
In life's all-chequer'd and bewild'ring road,
Till death's cold hand chills o'er the heart with fear,
Checking our mad unprosperous career.

What though the journey headlong we pursue,
 We've something more than pleasure in our view;
 Unanimous for one reward we strive,
 Whilst from Hope's fountain vigour we derive.
 Gladly we'd suffer every varied pain,
 This rare and final recompence to gain;
 'Tis FAME, kind FAME, we'd welcome to our arms,
 Who owns a blest variety of charms:
 Howe'er thro' different paths in life we bend,
 To one grand wish do all our labours tend;
 Our first desire—an honourable name,
 Our foster'd prejudice—THE LOVE OF FAME.
 Since truth is best by near example told,
 Let a few instances this truth unfold.



THE mettled BUCK, in phæton mounted high,
 Resolves old musty prudence to defy,
 A conscious triumph does each look denote,
 His legs all buckskin, and all cape his coat ;

Bold eccentricity his words disclose,

Warring with custom, every accent flows :

“ I’ll shew you life, my boys : for life I see

“ Up to Newmarket rigs,—then who’ll match me?

“ Drive six, hold tight the reins, and clear a corner neatly,

“ Perhaps o’erturn the mail, splash, dash, and do the thing

“ compleatly,

“ Laugh at the passengers—that’s sport, you know,

“ While all the flats are bawling,—That’s the go.

“ Then black-ball care, let pleasure have the run,

“ I’m for a race, a riot, fame, and fun.”

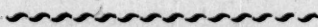
He, with anticipating hope elate,

Runs, games, and drives for reputation’s plate.



NAY, the OLD MAN, fast tott’ring tow’rds the grave,
Must be to Notoriety a slave,
Pleas’d to pursue the retrospective strain,
Still of past follies and his memory vain:—

" Ay, I remember, while I yet was young,
" How all the town with my vagaries rung;
" I've been a buck of mettle in my day,
" I've talk'd on politicks, and damn'd a play.
" Those were bless'd days when fashion help'd the dull,
" And dress'd with borrow'd locks the vacant skull;
" A patch, a hood, then form'd the bliss of life,
" Then a large wig was sure to gain a wife.
" Bold folly wore a mask in my old time,
" And lovers sued and died in pastoral rhyme.
" But now old customs gain no more respect,
" Instead of gallantry appears neglect.
" In this wild world, the thoughtless and the gay
" Forget to-morrow what they did to day.



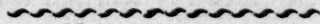
THE RHYMING WIGHT, Apollo calls his own,
Reigns fancy'd monarch of the poet's throne,
Pines in a garret perhaps for want of bread,
Yet fills with visionary bliss his head,

Scratches his pate and now enraptur'd writes,
Now utters sentences, and now indites.
" Descend, ye lovely, ye celestial Nine!—
" Borrow a candle, child; wife, don't repine;—
" Streams of rich nectar plenteously appear;
" Here, take this farthing, get a draught of beer;—
" To this ethereal feast ambrosia bring.
" The sheep's-heart burns; my Clio, turn the string.
" Fame must her praises to the poet give,
" What tho' I starve, my name shall ever live;
" With rapture I embrace my learned task,
" For Popularity's the boon I ask."
He'd to the literary crown aspire,
Which many grasp at, but which few acquire.



THE Man devoted to the joys of wine,
For Bacchus would each firm pursuit decline;
He'd be for strength of constitution known,
Would still be thought sobriety to own.

" Be always sober, sober, if you can;
" I'm so; yet drink like any other man.
" I drink my spirits, yet they never cease,
" For as I drain them, they are sure t' increase;
" I hold my cup with moderation's hand,
" You fall, but I can walk, or talk, or stand,
" Not very firm, perhaps, since the world turns round;
" Then how can man walk strait on slippery ground.
" But in my friendships I can still be fast,
" I love my King and Bottle to the last."



MORE firmly planted in the SOLDIER's mind,
Superior sentiments of worth we find:
To his ambition Virtue is allied;
To serve his country is his only pride.
Anxious his King and Country to defend,
At once a Nation's champion and friend;
He strives domestick safety to increase,
And on short warfare builds a lasting peace

If as a merit it be understood,
To serve the noble and revere the good;
Blest in a King his subjects sole delight;
Blest in a Prince who leads them to the fight.
Oh! may the Soldier his reward obtain,
A laurel only Loyalty can gain.—

LASTLY, the ACTOR, in an humbler stae,
Rests on the publick suffrages his fate:
With every danger willingly he'll cope,
While his warm heart is buoy'd with ardent hope:
To publick candour gladly trust his cause,
And pants for FAME in popular applause.
When hither first by stage-struck madness led,
You cheer the heart and raise the drooping head;
Th' unripen'd bud, obscurely veil'd in night,
Your praises warm and open to the light.
Oh; think not e'er that I unmov'd can see
The generous favours you bestow on me;

My thanks no art of eloquence can dress,
 Since the heart feels what language can't express.
 As words the feelings never can relieve,
 The unform'd tide of gratitude receive.
 Yet now Ambition does my thoughts controul,
 The best reward, your smiles, must fire the soul.
 Each youthful error your discernment sees,
 I must endeavour, yet may fail to please.
 Still then one kindness candour has in store,
 To think me grateful,—and I ask no more.

*The last twelve lines, having been omitted the second
 time of speaking, the following eight were added in-
 stead of them.*

IF one sad moment he can e'er begulle,
 Can draw the gen'rous tear, or force the smile;
 If with good-nature your discernment sees
 The various efforts he must take to please;

No higher popularity he'll claim——

Your approbation is his only aim:

If blest with that he ardently essays——

PROUD OF THE PUBLICK PATRONAGE AND PRAISE.

